

# The Musical World.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 48—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT,** at Three.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—DOUBLE ATTRACTION.—SATURDAY CONCERT AFTERNOON PROMENADE,** and first day of the GREAT EXHIBITION OF CANARIES AND BRITISH AND FOREIGN CAGE BIRDS. The show Twelve to Six. Entries more varied and numerous than ever (already exceeding 1,100). Canaries of every breed; hundreds of British Birds, from Magpies to Tom-tits; Foreign Birds, Cockatoos, Parrots, Whydahs, Orls, &c.

Vocalists at concert—Mlle. Carola and Signor Foll. Solo Violin—Mr. Carroulus. Programme includes Spohr's "Historical" Symphony. Overtures, "Id-meneo" (Mozart), and "Fierabras" (Schubert). Allegro Violin Concerto (Beethoven), &c. Conductor—Mr. MANNS.

No extra charge. Admission, 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets. Stalls, 2s. 6d., now ready.

**EXETER HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.** The First Series of the Saturday Evening Concerts has been received with so much favour, that the Director has determined to carry them on every Saturday Evening until further notice. Although the same character of programme that has hitherto been the feature of the Saturday Evening Concerts will be generally maintained, Oratorios, Cantatas, and selections from Operas will be performed, in which the following eminent artists will appear:—Mlle. Irma di Murska, Mme. Sileco, Mme. Monbelli, Mme. Volpi, Mlle. Reboux (*prima donna* of the Grand Opera at Paris), Mlle. Carola, Mme. Addyes Scott, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mlle. Moretti (principal contralto of the Italian Opera at Paris), Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, Signor Bettini, Signor Tombesi, Signor Foll, Signor Verger, and Mr. Santley; Mme. Arabella Goddard, Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Wilhelmj. Mr. Henry Leslie's Festival Choir, the Tonic Sol-fa Association, the Concert Glee Union. Accompanist—Mr. J. G. Calcott. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.

**CLAPHAM ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The NEW HALL,** GRAFTON SQUARE, Clapham, S.W. Principal—Herr SCHUBERT. The New Term commences 15th inst. Examination of new Students on Thursday next, 17th inst., between 10 and 4, and Friday, 18th inst., between 6 and 10, p.m.

THIS FANTASIA WAS FIRST PLAYED IN PUBLIC BY

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At her Pianoforte Recital in St. James's Hall, 17th June, 1869, and afterwards at the Monday Popular Concerts, on January 10th, 1870.

**"REVIVALS,"**

No. 1.

**GRAND FANTASIA**

(In E and A Minor and Major),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

**WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.**

EDITED BY

**J. W. DAVISON.**

\* \* "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

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This Evening, February 12,

AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE ENSUING WEEK,

**Offenbach's Operetta, LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN.**

LISCHEN—Miss JULIA MATTHEWS. FRITZCHEN—Mr. WILFORD MORGAN.

To conclude with the **Pantomime of THE YELLOW DWARF**

THIS EVENING.

**SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS.**

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**

DIRECTOR . Mr. JOHN BOOSEY.

IN consequence of the continued success of the LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, it has been determined to commence a New Series of similar Entertainments to take place

**EVERY SATURDAY EVENING AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.**

The FIRST SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERT will take place, THIS EVENING,

**SATURDAY, 12th FEBRUARY, 1870,**

When the following Artists will appear:—

Madame Sherrington and Mlle. Liebhart; Miss Blanche Cole and Miss Julia Elton; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Carter, Mr. W. J. Fielding, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. J. G. Patey. Pianoforte—Miss Kate Roberts. Violin—Mr. Carroulus. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor—Mr. J. L. HATTON.

Prices of Admission:—Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets may be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings; Kelly, Westbourne Grove; Ford, Upper Street, Islington; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; and of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The Nineteenth Season of these Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts will commence with the Public Rehearsal on March 21st. Prospectuses are now ready.

**SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW SONG,**

**"OVER THE ROLLING SEA,"**

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**MR. KERR GEDGE** will sing **HENRY SMART's** new song, "GO, WHISPERING BREEZE," on the 24th inst., at Hastings, and March 1st, at Stevenage.

**MISS LILY SIMESTER** will sing **BENEDICT's** new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, February 14th.

**MR. HARLEY VINNING** will sing **DUGGAN's** great Baritone song, "SAMSON," at Woodford, 17th; and the Baritone Recitatives and Arias in "THE PRODIGAL SON," by A. S. SULLIVAN, which will be performed, for the first time in London, on the 21st instant, by the Brixton Choral Society.

**MADAME EMMELINE COLE** will sing at **Lynn** Philharmonic Society, February 18th; 22nd, Southampton; 23rd, St. James's Hall; 27th, City; March 2nd, Drury Lane Theatre; 17th, St. Ives, Hants; April 27th, St. James's Theatre.—Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Lessons, to be addressed—3, Canning Place, Palace Gate, Kensington.

**M**ISSE. CLARA DORIA will sing W. VINCENT WALLACE's "SONG OF MAY," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Northampton, on Wednesday next.

**M**ISS ALEXANDER DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Gullford Town Hall, on the 22nd instant.

**M**ISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD will sing RANDEGGER's admired song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Violoncello *obligato*, Herr Schubert), at the first concert of the Schubert Society, on the 21st instant.

**M**ISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD and Mr. STEDMAN will sing NICOLAI's popular duet, "ONE WORD," at the first concert of the Schubert Society, on the 24th instant.

**M**ISS JULIA ELTON will sing BALFE's admired song, "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

**M**ISS JULIA ELTON will sing HENRY SMART's popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

**M**R. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at Miss Fanny Poole's Concert, at the Pimlico Rooms, February 25th.

**M**R. J. GREENHILL begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, February 21, when he will be assisted by the following artists: Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. J. Bushelle, and Mr. Miles Bennett; Instrumentalists: clarinet, Mr. Clinton; pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bach; Conductors, Signori Randegger and Flori. Tickets to be obtained at LAMBORN COCK & Co., New Bond Street.

**M**R. J. GREENHILL will sing Meyerbeer's admired song, "HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN" (Clarinet *obligato*, Mr. Clinton) at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

**M**R. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

#### FORBES' VALSE.

"**W**E have met with nothing more striking, melodious, and effective than this new Valse of Mr. Forbes." DUFF & STEWART, Oxford Street.

**S**CHUBERTH'S SUCCESSFUL "NICARAGUA WALTZ" (encored at the Cumberland and other Balls) will be played on Monday, the 14th instant, at the Royal London Yacht Club Ball, &c. Published by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**M**R. HORTON C. ALLISON at Manchester.—Pianoforte Recital on Tuesday Evening, February 15th, at the Town Hall.

**M**R. HORTON C. ALLISON at Ealing (Concert in aid of St. John's Church Organ Fund), Thursday, February 17th.

**M**R. HORTON C. ALLISON'S song, "PHILOMELE," is published by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., and his Piano Music by AUGENER & Co.

**M**R. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged for Mr. SARTLEY's Provincial Concert Tour, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Liverpool Philharmonic, February 12th; Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 14th; Ulster Hall, Belfast, 15th; Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 16th; Theatre Royal, Cork, 17th; Theatre Royal, Limerick, 18th; and Exhibition Palace, Dublin, 19th.

**H**ERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schubert. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK BOWEN, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

**M**R. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough.

**M**ISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. TERNIELLI CALEIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

"**L**ITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"THE TROOPER,"

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"WHERE I FAIN WOULD BE."

Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Music by F. E. NESFIELD.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained, price 4s.,

Composed by F. E. NESFIELD, "ANGEL STARS" (words by Adelaide Proctor).

**S**IGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

**THE SURREY CHORAL SOCIETY.** For Ladies and Gentlemen. ALL SAINTS SCHOOL-ROOM, Westmoreland Road, Waltham, (near Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.) Conductor, Mr. Leonard Walker. Accompanist, Mr. H. W. Little, Jun. Secretary, Mr. A. Lloyd, L.D.S., R.C.S.

**M**ADAME MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address—Madame Montserrat, 45, Tavistock Crescent Westbourne Park, W.

"**T**HE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, and "FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART's new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

"**B**ENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY," RANDEGGER's admired song, will be sung by Madame Rudersdorff at every Concert during her Tour in the month of February.

**O**RGAN ARRANGEMENTS from W. S. BENNETT'S Sacred Cantata, "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA," by G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.

- |  |     |
|--|-----|
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| "4. "I WILL CALL UPON THE LORD" ...              | 3s. |
| "BLESSED, BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL" ... | 4s. |

LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Monday Popular Concerts are now in their zenith. With the departure of that interesting violinist, Mdlle. Norman-Neruda, interesting not merely on account of her sex but on account of her remarkable genius, it might have been thought that their attraction, for a time, at least, would in a measure be lessened. But no such thing. Her place as leader of the quartets was promptly filled by Herr Ludwig Straus, one of the readiest and most versatile masters of the violin now existing, and one of those best acquainted with the chamber music of the great composers. At the first three concerts since Christmas Herr Straus led the quartets, with an ability that has long been recognized and frequently dwelt upon in fitting terms. Moreover, he has had Signor Piatti with him—"Emperor of violoncellists," as he is justly styled, and, to speak in familiar phrase, a solid comfort to any leader. Herr Straus's most striking performance was in the great C major "Rasoumowsky" quartet of Beethoven, which he led with equal judgment and spirit. The first three concerts were otherwise noticeable for the performance, by Madame Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti, of two sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello—the one in D by Mendelssohn, and the one in A by Professor Sterndale Bennett, the last of which (*proh pudor!*) had never been introduced before to Mr. Chappell's intelligent public. Of even greater importance was the introduction (first time), by Madame Goddard, of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's *Fantasia* in A minor, and Joseph Woelfl's *Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata* in C minor—both masterpieces, both played magnificently (indeed, as no other pianist we are aware of could have played them), and both, like the violoncello duets, received with every token of delight.

Since then Herr Joseph Joachim has returned, and already appeared at four concerts—two morning and two evening. That Herr Joachim's reception on each occasion was enthusiastic need scarcely be added. He is the greatest foreign artist, and also (which does not invariably follow) the most popular, who, within the memory of the present generation, has been in the habit of favouring us with periodical visits. Herr Joachim's now yearly advent is always looked forward to as the chief event of the musical season. And if the highest and the purest art, revealed through the medium of art's worthiest representative, are taken into consideration, the chief event it unquestionably is. Herr Joachim's playing has long been accepted as something beyond criticism, and which can dispense with eulogy. To say that he has played no matter what, from John Sebastian Bach to Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, is equivalent to saying that it was played to absolute perfection. Were we to discuss anew the merits of the gifted Hungarian, whatever we might say would inevitably assume an air of platitude, so unanimously admitted is his supremacy, both by amateurs and professional musicians. How that supremacy was won, how earnestly and legitimately it has been maintained, is too old a story to repeat. It is, nevertheless, agreeable to look back to Herr Joachim's first appearance in this country, a quarter of a century ago, when he came, warmly recommended by Mendelssohn, and, though little more than twelve years of age, took the audience of the Philharmonic concerts (then the most trying ordeal for a new aspirant) by storm, in Beethoven's violin concerto; and to remember with what hearty spontaneity the wonderful talent of the boy was appreciated. Musical England, indeed, may be said to have been the first to recognize, at its full value, a genius now pronounced exceptional all over Germany. Even the amateurs of boasting Paris, where the sensation created by Herr Joachim, at the concerts of the Conservatoire, and those of M. Pasdeloup, was, in Parisian phrase, "*hors ligne*," only knew and applauded him after every tone of his instrument had, for twenty years and more, been pleasantly familiar to us on this side the Channel. Thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, we have had Herr Joachim among us year after year, with scarcely an intermission, since 1859, when they were first established. And now, in a sentence, he returns to us with the same large style, the same noble simplicity of expression, the same grand tone, modulated with the same ease, and capable of the same niceties of gradation, the same splendid vigour and unerring mechanism, the same broad unaffected reading and healthy conception of every work submitted to him, and last, not least, the same disdain of ostentation and forgetfulness of self in the music he is interpreting, modest and dignified as it is rare, which proclaim the genuine great artist we have known and admired for all these years. We have said, more than once, on the occasion of Herr Joachim's coming back, that "he plays, if possible, still better than before;" and yet it was hardly possible to point out where im-

provement had been wanting, so perfect seemed his tone, so irreproachable his taste, and so masterly in every respect his handling of the fiddle. Nevertheless, an artist thus devoted to his art, thus absorbed in the music assigned to him, and thus utterly regardless of self-display, could not well stand still. Advance he of necessity *must* towards an ideal perfection of his own, to attain which, no matter how far on the road he might be at any given epoch, was the aim and end of his artistic being. We feel moved, then, again to say, even now, that to our thinking, Herr Joachim "plays, if possible, still better than before." We may be wrong, but such is our impression. We felt it in Beethoven's glorious C major quintet, which he selected for his first appearance—finding more humour in the *scherzo*, more depth of sentiment in the slow movement, and more fire and impetuosity in the *finale* than ever, and we felt it in the same composer's later work, the E flat quartet (No. 10), where the expression imparted to the divine *adagio* was as full of heartfelt emotion as the never-ceasing melody itself. This quartet was the most conspicuous feature of the programme on the evening in question, which to the lovers of music who habitually frequent the Monday Popular Concerts was the *bona-fide* first appearance of their favourite. For reasons unnecessary to explain there is ordinarily little comparative enthusiasm exhibited at morning concerts; while at evening concerts, given the cause, there is ordinarily a great deal. True, at the Saturday Concerts, Herr Joachim is welcomed as he has a just right to expect to be welcomed, but on the Mondays his reception is always overwhelming. Not only his quartet playing but his solo playing is now again the theme of universal and well placed admiration. Witness the *furore* created by his wonderful execution of J. S. Bach's wonderful *Chaconne* in D minor, with its multitude of variations, the one, coming from his bow and fingers, more interesting and surprising than the other, although each is given with as affectionate a solicitude as if it were paramount. Not content with this, the audience, after twice calling back Herr Joachim, continued applauding so persistently that he had no choice but to play again. To repeat the *Chaconne* was out of the question; so he substituted an *allegro* from one of the other sonatas of Bach (in C major), his execution of which was not a whit less marvellous than his execution of the other. On Saturday afternoon Herr Joachim led Mendelssohn's quintet for string instruments, in B flat, Op. 87 (one of the "Posthumous" publications), which is always agreeable to hear, not merely because it is a truly grand work, but because it was the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert, in the year of foundation (February 14th, 1859). He also joined Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, in Schubert's trio in E flat; the learned pianist, so long associated with the Monday Popular Concerts, choosing for solo, Beethoven's sonata in D major (No. 3, Op. 10), which he plays so often and with such elaborate finish. The singer was Miss Edith Wynne—always welcome. We must not omit to say that at the other concerts the pianoforte was worthily represented by Herr Pauer—who, in a sonata by Mozart, and Mendelssohn's *Fantasia* in F sharp minor (the "*Sonata Eccosaie*"), as well as in Beethoven's C minor trio (Op. 3, the finest of the set, though the one which Haydn recommended Beethoven not to publish), and the B flat trio of Schubert, about which Schumann wrote so enthusiastically (with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti), showed alike his versatility and his talent.

At the concert on Monday night, by no means the least interesting of the present series, the programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in D major, No. 10, strings .. .. .	Mozart.		
Song, "Kennst du das Land" .. .. .	Beethoven.		
Variations Sérielles, pianoforte .. .. .	Mendelssohn.		
PART II.			
Chaconne, violin, with pianoforte accompaniment .. .. .	Vitali.		
Songs, { "Wenn ich früh in dem Garten geh" .. .. .	Schumann.		
{ "Die Post" .. .. .	Schubert.		
Trio, D major, Op. 70, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello .. .. .	Beethoven.		

The quartet is now composed of Herr Joachim, Herr L. Ries, Herr L. Straus, and Signor Piatti, and is so to remain until the end of the season—Herr Straus, himself so competent a leader, having consented to play the viola (hitherto held with great ability by Signor Zerbin) at all the concerts to come. Anything more melodious, ingenious, and beautiful than Mozart's quartet—known as "No. 10," although really his 23rd work of the kind—can hardly be imagined, or anything more absolutely irreproachable than the performance, by Herr Joachim and his coadjutors. That the work was thoroughly enjoyed, and the players called back at the end, will easily be credited. The exquisite slow movement (in G) would have been heard again



with satisfaction. This was only the second hearing vouchsafed at the Monday Popular Concerts to one of the genuine masterpieces of the most genuine of all the masters of melody and counterpoint combined.

The *Ciaccona* of Tomaso Vitali, a celebrated violinist of the early part of last century, is constructed upon the same plan as that of Bach (already referred to), but is as inferior to Bach as brass to gold. Granted, there may be a certain monotony in the perpetual maintenance of the same key, to which Bach, Handel, &c., adhere in their *suites* and variations, we, nevertheless, can see no improvement in the perpetual shifting of keys, through the medium of queer progressions and forced transitions, as exemplified in this laboured composition by Vitali, who, though he is said to have given lessons to the renowned Padre Martini, might, with advantage, some time latter, have received lessons, in form and harmony at least, from Martini in return. But whatever the merits of the composition, the performance of this hitherto unknown *Ciaccona*, by Herr Joachim (accompanied on the pianoforte, by Mr. Benedict, in a style not easy to surpass), was such as to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to so high a pitch that the whole had to be repeated from beginning to end. The pianist on Monday was Mr. Franklin Taylor, who had already, some time ago, won his spurs at St. James's Hall, and who is favourably known at the concerts directed by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace. This gentleman is an artist in the truest sense of the word. Whatever piece he brings before the public he has so completely mastered that scarcely a flaw can be detected in his performance. On the present occasion he gave the seventeen *Variations Sériennes* of Mendelssohn in a style with which the composer himself would have been satisfied. The reading was admirable, the execution irreproachable throughout, and at the end Mr. Taylor was unanimously called back to the platform. Among all the new pianists introduced by Mr. Chappell of recent years, Mr. Franklin Taylor is incomparably the best. Not only does he excel as a solo player; but, as was proved in his performance with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, of Beethoven's great trio in D major, he is equally at home in concerted music. We have rarely heard this trio better executed. Mr. Taylor showed himself worthy of his associates—higher praise than which could not be bestowed.

A word of hearty eulogy is due to Mlle. Carola, who gave Beethoven's exquisite setting of the song of Goethe's Mignon, not only with perfect taste, but with genuine dramatic feeling, and who was scarcely less happy in Schumann's pretty *Lied* and the inimitable "Post" of the too early lost Schubert. Altogether the concert was one of the very best of the year.

On Monday next Madame Schumann is to play, and the programme will include, among other things, her husband's quintet, in E flat, for pianoforte and string instruments.

#### NEW MUSIC.

Some time ago we noticed Messrs. Ashdown & Parry's new edition of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas. It was our duty to speak very favourably of the issue, and also of the manner in which the editor, Mr. Walter Macfarren, had done his work. We have now before us an appropriate sequel, in the shape of Mozart's miscellaneous compositions for the household instrument, published by the same firm, in thirty-two numbers. The edition is, as regards paper and print, an *édition de luxe*; no expense having been spared to produce it in the best style. With respect to the music, we wish it could be said that nothing is needed in the way of recommendation. The fact is, however, that looking at the character of these works, their comparative easiness and absolute beauty, pianoforte players, generally, are ignorant of them to an astounding degree. Admitting public taste to be as low as it is sometimes represented, there is no reason at all why Mozart's miscellaneous compositions should not be in general use; because, while perfect works of art, they have attractions all must feel. Evidently, then, this music has only to be more widely known; and there is reason for congratulation upon Messrs. Ashdown & Parry's enterprise. Of the thirty-two numbers, twenty-one are devoted to as many "Variations," beginning with those on an original theme in G major, written at the age of nine years, and ending with those on *Fremdin sanfter Herzensstiche*, which are of doubtful authenticity. Mr. Macfarren has included several other works, thought to be spurious by commentators like Jahn and Köchel. Of this nobody will complain, because so long as there is any doubt, it is well to preserve the music. Moreover, the doubt is proof that the subject of it has merit of no ordinary sort. Besides the Variations, there are three *Rondos*, a *Minuetto*, a *Gigue*, two *Fantasias*, a *Fantasia and Fugue*, a *Suite de Pièces*, an *Adagio*, and a *Romance*. Here, then, is a mass of pianoforte music adapted to moderate capacity and ordinary comprehension. We recommend it heartily to all who, with tastes above the fashionable trash of the day, are not able to meet the requirements

of music classical but difficult. One word more—each number can be had separately.

Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. have published the music of *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, operetta, composta da Jules Benedict. This we believe is an early work of the esteemed musician, and was originally produced in Italy. The plot of the operetta we do not know. Doubtless, however, it will appear in due course, and have the public trial which, if worthy of the music, it deserves. The music is in seven numbers. First, a duet, "Vieni, o caro," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, in B flat, marked by pleasant graceful melody and elegant treatment of details. A cavatina for mezzo-soprano, "Oh! che rabbia," is prefaced by a masterly recitative, and itself dashes along, *tempo di Polacca*, with an exuberance of spirit which never becomes vulgar. As a show piece this is worth the notice of any vocalist able to master its phrases. The accompaniments are charming. "Al campo della gloria" is an aria for baritone, straightforward, vigorous, and characteristic. With its words done into appropriate English, this song ought to become popular among amateurs, for whose use it is in many respects adapted. "Ciel che ma veggio," a duet for soprano and baritone, is an elaborate number, of considerable pretensions, written throughout in the genuine Italian style. The spirit of the words is caught with happy facility, and the music runs on as though by its own volition, so free and spontaneous is it. The fifth number, a duet, "Infelice, poverino," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, is more adapted to the average capacity. Like the first, its themes are marked by easy grace, and the whole is elegantly written. A *Romanza* for mezzo-soprano, "Pastorello," is hardly so striking as the preceding numbers. It contains, however, a good second subject, which supplies an effective contrast. The *finale*, an air for soprano, "Che più dirvi," with chorus, brings the work to a pleasant end. By reproducing this operetta, Messrs. Davison & Co. have done good service to those who love true Italian music, and also to the reputation of its composer. Mr. Benedict, looking upon his earlier work, even with the light of larger experience and ripened powers, can hardly be other than glad that public attention is now directed to it.

Some publications by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. now claim attention. "The Suez Quadrille," by Adam Wright has a bird's-eye view of M. de Lesseps' work on its title-page, which is really worth the price of the whole. There is nothing specially noticeable in Mr. Wright's music. "My First Ball Quadrille," by J. Pridham, is elegantly adorned by the picture of a very young gentleman *à la Watteau*, tendering a bouquet to a very young lady also *à la Watteau*. The themes used are mostly familiar airs; and their treatment well adapts them to young performers. The "Happy Dreams Waltz," by J. Pridham, represents on its title-page a sleeping baby cradled in a floating shell, with a gigantic peacock's feather as a parasol. This must have been the "happy dream" referred to, we imagine. Mr. Pridham's music is elegant enough to be played for its own sake. What is more, some of his phrases strike us as fresh. The "April Showers Waltz," by Mignonette, does not much attract us. Mr. Adam Wright's "Twilight Polka," on the other hand, is a very agreeable thing of its kind, having a pretty and rhythmical melody. "Little Nelly's Quadrille," by Alfred Scott Gatty, is of course adapted to little Nelly's small hands and juvenile capacity. In these respects its object is attained. "I really am so sleepy," words and music by Alfred Scott Gatty, is, at all events, a harmless comic song. It may be sung in the drawing-rooms of very good people without offence. This is so uncommon a merit that we are inclined to dwell upon it. If well delivered the piece is sure to amuse.

"Evening" (Augener & Co.), a four part song by Seymour Smith, is well written, with much feeling for the words. Mr. Smith, having the gifts enabling him to do so much, must now try to produce music which shall not remind us of what we have heard before. Nearly every phrase in "Evening" suggests a reminiscence. "Arise, sweet, arise" (Hutchings & Romer) is a *Réveillée* by W. Alfred Gibbs, which, to elegant verses, unites simple and appropriate music. We can commend this song as alike meritorious and unpretentious. Mr. Wrighton's ballad, "The Friend we had at School" (Metzler & Co.), is simply a reproduction of things used a thousand times, and, therefore, need not detain us. The case is otherwise with "Marjorie's Almanack" (Metzler & Co.), in which Madame Sainton-Dolby shows her undoubted power as a song-writer. This elegant, albeit simple ballad, is, however, one of sufficient attractiveness to make its own way without help from us. Nevertheless, we must say that those who want something pretty, easy, and interesting, should purchase "Marjorie's Almanack." "I stood once more by the old Church stile" (Metzler & Co.) is another of Madame Sainton-Dolby's recent productions. Its character differs from the one just noticed, but that it will be found adapted to many tastes we have not the smallest doubt. "Winter and Spring" (Ashdown & Parry) a song by Bellenden Ker Atkins, has some excellent words, set in an original and effective style. There are many good points about it, upon which we should like to dwell. But enough that Mr. Atkins's song is far above the average, and well worth attention.

HERR FRIEDRICH GRÜTZMÄCHER, the well-known violoncellist, is now making a professional tour, in the course of which he will visit Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Nuremberg, Mayence, Darmstadt, Mannheim, and Heidelberg. He will also visit Switzerland.

## MUSIC AS A MORAL AGENT.

Music is as ancient as the world itself. Were it necessary to cite authorities to prove this, we should be only embarrassed which to select. In all times man has sung himself, or made instruments do so. But, even had this not been the case, the birds of the air would be sufficient to attest that music was synchronous with Creation. What appears new in this art, and what is so really, is the form it has assumed since the sixteenth century. Until the time of Monteverde, who introduced in harmony the chord of the seventh on the dominant, music possessed a religious and placid character, which it preserved even in productions of a light description. Nearly all the airs of this period have a tender, melancholy, unctuous expression, essentially distinguishing them from modern music. The least practised ear recognizes in them an element not to be found elsewhere. Generally, they are characterized by a vague sadness which penetrates the soul. We feel in them something strange and contrary to our habits; a mixture, apparently, of religious and profane emotions. Old people are fond of hearing these ancient songs, and young people do not despise them.

For musicians who are tolerably well read, there is no mystery about the character peculiar to these compositions. We find in such good old airs the last vestiges of the ancient tonal system. It is still plain-song, with its varied modes, which breathes in the strain, gay or sad. Hence the slightly religious expression which is mixed up with the mundane ideas of the poetry. If we take a madrigal by Monteverde or by Palestrina, we shall be struck by the mystic colouring we have just described. It exists in all the works of this epoch, and maintained its footing so long, that the compositions of the eighteenth century are not completely free from it.

Even in our own days, this mitigated form of the ancient system of tonality has been employed. Meyerbeer has put it in the mouth of the Anabaptists of his *Prophète*. The effect is striking. This ought not to surprise us, for it would seem to be the property of music to reflect the human soul, which is, by nature, profoundly sad. But may we not start from this point to search for a system of musical aesthetics which shall fully and perfectly satisfy the idea we have formed of this great art. Music, in its actual form, dates only from yesterday. Since modern tonality has introduced human passions into the lyrical drama, master-pieces have been written, but no direction has been given for the genius of musicians to follow. The way in which they grope about in their inspirations proves plainly that music is a new art. For the last century, no man of genius has appeared without a revolution being the result. Such was the case with Rameau, with Gluck, on the stage; with Mozart and Beethoven, in the symphony. Each of these names, and we might cite a great many more, represents a phase of musical art. There is a subversion of ideas attached to it. These men, perfectly unappreciated at the outset, have afterwards been greeted with rapture, because they caused art, which was considered stationary, to advance a step.

At the present day, however, after proclaiming that music is favourable to the moral progress of nations, we seemed to have stopped at a decisive form, of which the most sublime prototype is to be found in the works of Mozart.

Despite of such musicians as were led away by pride or by incapacity, the musical horizon is clearing up more and more in the direction of Germany. The classic land of the *Lied* and of the Symphony is trembling as at the dawn of a new era. Philosophers and poets are gazing intently at a point which stands out from the night, and casts far, very far into the future, a strong light, inundating the human ant-hill. A name, which never vibrates on respectful lips without finding an immediate response, has been, for some years past, pronounced all along the banks of the Rhine, and repeated beyond the frontiers of the North. This name, which we just now wrote, is that of Mozart! Mozart the golden-mouthed, as he is called by an eminent critic, in reference to his Christian name of Chrysostom.

All men's eyes are turned towards this luminous name. As the distance becomes greater between us and the earthly existence of the author of *Don Juan*, the more do his works free themselves from the veil of the Past; they appear to us more radiant and more pure, as though they had borrowed the light of eternity from their composer's immortal soul.

This slow, instinctive, and universal return towards the source of light, of which every spark is destined to kindle a world of ideas, is a happy reaction for art. It is an incontestable proof of an ancient alliance between music and man. We draw nearer Mozart, because no other musician has collected in his heart the human affections which flowed over in the heart of Mozart. We perceive moving in this great man's music all that constitutes the life of our souls. His music is the very epopee of nations. It is constituted of hopes, of sadness, of recollections, and of aspirations. It is religious, for it seeks God in the blue sky; it is Christian and democratic, because it breathes

a love for all created beings and things. We see, therefore, in the conceptions of Mozart, the argument proving that music is really destined to effect the civilization of nations. If by civilization we understand the development of the moral faculties, a greater outpouring of heart, and a stronger bond, founded on profounder convictions, between individuals, it is the works of Mozart which should be taken as a basis, by musicians, as well as by statesmen who entertain the legitimate notion of rendering the masses moral by the medium of music.

As we said at the commencement, fine music is at bottom melancholy. This is true of the two centuries and a half which succeeded the introduction of the modern system of tonality, as it is of all that was done previously to that event. It is by this elegiac element that music first obtained possession of man's sympathy. It is by this that music will act upon future generations.

There is always a certain amount of sadness at the bottom of human affairs. Mozart expresses joy with a charm peculiar to himself, because it was a part of his delicate nature to perceive the mixed composition of it. That musician alone will live and regenerate the world who will identify himself most completely with man. Music must excite great thoughts; place itself in communication with the soul; and foster everything good and generous which the latter contains.

Reader, you have heard the wonderful harmonies in *Don Juan* and in *Die Zauberflöte*. You have felt touched, as by the reminiscences of the years of your youth. It was in fact those reminiscences whose song was heard in your heart. Your fond dreams returned; the sweet faces you loved bent once more over you. You loved your mother, your sister, your fair and gentle companions, running on the sward. The Sundays, all ablaze with sunshine, appeared again before you, with the young girls in their cool bodices and their irreproachable costumes, fluttering with ribbands. You gazed on a form, which was that of an angel, as it fled into the welcome shade of the wood; you listened to sounds which resembled the rustling of wings; and you thought of the vision which follows us in life; which never quits the firmament in which our eyes are fixed, and which goes before us, like the Star of the Shepherds. You heard voices which never advocated apostacy, treason, egotism, falsehood, or cowardice. You listened to those voices which are heard in the spring of life, like the song of birds in the spring of Nature. Those voices commanded you to love, and to attach but little value to the rest. As you listened to them in the grand and magical symphonies of Mozart, you felt you were a better man. Your soul opened more freely. The tears started to your eyes—tears at the recollection of those who were absent. You felt strengthened; you felt free youth; you felt you were purified from the stains of life by the effect which the chaste accents of such Divine music produced upon you. You thought as you thought when you were twenty; you loved as you loved at that age, which is blessed by Heaven; and your Ideal, the beloved One, regarding you from her azure throne, said: 'Tis well!

LOUIS ROGEE.

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was performed at the Sydney Academy of Music recently, and a local critic says of the affair:—

"The part-singers included Signor Ugo Devoti, David Dickson, Esq., Mrs. W. J. Cordner, Miss Kosten, Miss Wiseman, and other vocalists of repute. The orchestra—a large and well-trained one—was under the leadership of Mr. John Gibbs, Mr. W. J. Cordner acting as accompanist. The great attraction of the evening was, of course, the *Messe Solennelle*. It was certainly a rich feast, and was keenly appreciated. It opens solemnly with the 'Kyrie.' 'Gratias Agimus' was received with favour by the audience. The 'Domine Deus,' sung by Signor Devoti, is an air of great vigour, and was rendered by him to entire satisfaction. 'Qui Tollis,' duet—Miss Kosten and Mrs. Cordner, with harp and harmonium accompaniment—was exquisitely rendered. 'Quoniam tu solus,' was sung by David Dickson, Esq., in the most artistic manner. The 'Credo' was much admired and artistically chanted. 'Crucifixus,' an air of great pathos, was exquisitely rendered by Miss Kosten, who is rapidly increasing in favour with the public. 'O Salutaris'—Mrs. W. J. Cordner, accompanied by Mr. J. Hill, K.S., R.A.M., on the harmonium—was one of the most agreeable numbers in the work, both from the lady's excellent singing and the smooth accompaniment. The 'Sanctus' was rendered with great care. It evoked loud plaudits. 'Agnus Dei,' rendered by Mrs. J. W. Cordner, was pronounced by many the finest number in the work. It was sung with great pathos and feeling, moving the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. Altogether the evening's entertainment passed off in a most satisfactory manner, and appeared to be most heartily enjoyed."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Siegfried Salomon, composer of an opera entitled *The Rose of the Carpathians*, has received from the King of Sweden a gold medal bearing the inscription: "Litteris et Artibus."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

With reference to this gentleman's performance last Monday, the *Daily News* says:—

"At this week's concert Mr. Franklin Taylor made his second appearance as solo pianist, the first occasion having been so long back as January, 1866, when his excellent performance of Beethoven's Sonata in D, from Op. 10, was duly commented on. Again we have to notice this gentleman's highly cultivated mechanism and sound artistic feeling, as evidenced in his playing of Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses*, that admirable piece in which the composer has proved, as Bach, Handel, and Beethoven had done before him, that a form of musical treatment, which is too frequently the vehicle of shallow flippancy and frivolity, may be made the medium of high and noble thought. These variations of Mendelssohn are classed as Op. 64, and were composed at Leipzig in 1841. A letter by the composer, dated July 15, in that year (addressed to his friend Kungemann), contains this passage:—'Do you know what I have been recently composing with enthusiasm? Variations for the piano—actually eighteen on a theme in D minor, and they amused me so famously that I instantly made fresh ones on a theme in E flat major, and now, for the third time, on a theme in B flat major. I feel quite as if I must make up for lost time, never having written any before.' The piece referred to is one of the many instances of how slight a suggestion will serve to elicit brilliant illustrative comment from high genius and acquisitions—standing, in fact, in worthy association with those marvellous thirty-two variations, by Beethoven, on a trite subject apparently little calculated for such splendid illustration. Mr. F. Taylor's performance of Mendelssohn's variations was so masterly a display of executive skill and appreciative judgment, that it becomes a matter of wonder that he should only have been once before heard at these concerts, and that at an interval of four years. The applause bestowed on Mr. Taylor, and his recall, testified to the general impression made on the audience. In Beethoven's noble trio in D major (from Op. 70), the pianist also proved his high qualities as an interpreter of classical music; his associates being Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, which is as much as to say that the violin and violoncello parts were rendered to perfection."

## SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Mr. Wood began a second series of concerts in Exeter Hall on Saturday evening, and again had the support of a large audience. No alteration was made in the character of the programme, which contained, besides vocal music, Beethoven's symphony in D (No. 2), Nicolai's overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the brilliant prelude to *La Gazza Ladra*, and Weber's *Concert-stück* for piano (Miss Madeline Schiller) and orchestra. The purely orchestral works were rendered in good style, best of all being the *largo* of the symphony. Miss Schiller played in the *Concert-stück* with great spirit and facility. She was still more successful in a less exacting piece by Ascher. Mme. Addyes Scott, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli appeared as vocalists. Unfortunately, Mr. Reeves was compelled by hoarseness to break off in the middle of his first song. The necessary apology made by Mr. Leslie was frankly accepted, and the disabled artist retired amid well nigh unanimous applause.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday an entire programme was devoted to Mendelssohn, by way of celebrating the composer's birth, which took place on the 3rd of February, 1809. The festival—if so it may be called—was of modest dimensions, its sole object being the unanimous recognition of an anniversary more or less interesting to all musical people. For this purpose the selection made from Mendelssohn's compositions was sufficient. It began with the overture to *Athalie*, a work not often heard apart from the cantata to which it belongs. There is no reason, however, why a prelude so brilliant and masterly should not be used as a concert overture. To amateurs it is profoundly interesting, and from the general public its many effective touches can hardly fail to command attention. This was eminently the case on Saturday, thanks, in some degree, to one of the most magnificent performances ever heard, even at the Crystal Palace. The hymn, "Hear my prayer," followed, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the solo part. Next to his oratorios nothing of Mendelssohn's is better known or more esteemed than the music in which the Psalmist's longing for rest finds expression. Its performance is always very welcome, and hence the rendering of Saturday was disappointing. Mme. Sherrington sang in the final movement, "O for the wings of a dove," so slowly that the effect was almost entirely lost. After the air from *St. Paul*, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," had been given by Miss Sophie Vinta, the *Lobgesang* was performed under conditions happily rare. Mr. Vernon Rigby telegraphed his inability to sing at so late an hour, that a substitute could not be found; and the important tenor music must have been left out had not Mme. Sherrington

volunteered to sing it. The generous and somewhat daring offer was, of course, accepted, with a most successful result, so far, at least, as concerned the lady. Omitting only "He counteth all your sorrows," Madame Sherrington gave all the tenor solos, and did so with a correctness which fully earned the applause of the audience. Not even in "We called through the darkness" was she once at fault. Of course the music suffered to some extent by the change of voice, especially "My song shall always be Thy mercy," the effect which as a duet for two sopranos, was peculiar. The second soprano was taken by Miss Sophie Vinta, whose correct and tasteful singing in "I waited for the Lord," deserves recognition. It can hardly be needful to say that the symphonic movements were admirably played, or that the chorus, now fast improving, sang their familiar music with correctness and spirit.

## MR. LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The first of these concerts for the present season took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening week, and was attended by a large audience. The programme was varied in character, but, as usual, the madrigals and part-songs sung by the Choir formed the chief attraction. Several novelties were introduced, among them a setting of Longfellow's "Curfew," by Henry Smart, which made considerable effect; Mr. J. G. Callcott's "The day is now dying" (encored), a well written and expressive composition; and Thomas Morley's capital madrigal, "Shoot, false love." All these, though sung for the first time, were given to perfection. In point of fact, it matters little to Mr. Leslie's Choir what they attempt, the result being invariably success. Among the works more or less known were included Beale's "Come let us join the roundelay," Wilbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees," Leslie's "When the shades of eve descending" (encored), and Macfarren's "You stole my love" (encored). The solo vocalist was Mr. Sims Reeves, who first gave "Adelaide," accompanied by Mr. Callcott, in his best and most artistic style. He next sang Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," and consented to repeat it at the persistent solicitation of the audience. Finally the popular tenor gave "Tom Bowling" in the inimitable fashion with which everybody must be familiar. Webb's "When winds breathe soft," and Elliott's "Come, see what pleasures" were sung by the Concert Glee Union, but not as we could have wished. It behoves Mr. Leslie to consider whether a performance below the average excellence of his concerts is not a mistake. To supply instrumental music Mr. Leslie engaged the Aeneas Union, consisting of Messrs. Shakespeare, Crozier, Lazarus, C. Harper, and Wootton. These excellent artists played the whole of Beethoven's quintet in E flat (Op. 16) and the *andante* from Mozart's quintet in the same key. Such music so rendered was very welcome and proportionately enjoyed. Mr. Leslie conducted as usual.

At the next concert the music to *Antigone* will be performed; and Herr Joachim will play Beethoven's concerto for violin.

## BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening week the annual general meeting of the governors and friends of the above useful charity was held in Exeter Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. D. Hill, treasurer, in the absence (from ill health) of the president, Mr. J. N. Harrison. The chairman expressed his regret at the indisposition of their honoured president, and also lamented the absence from ill-health, not of a serious character, of their constant and judicious friend, Mr. Brewer, whom he eulogized not only as the founder of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but as having been greatly instrumental, through his learned researches into ancient civic records, in reviving and expanding the almost unknown Carpenters' Charity, which now takes a prominent position as the City of London School, and is one of the most important educational institutions of the period. Mr. Puttick, honorary secretary, read a report of the state and operations of the fund. He stated that the sum of £147 had been expended in relief; that the total income of the charity was £176; a small debt due to the treasurer had been liquidated, and a balance of £9 16s. 2d. remained in hand. The invested fund now consisted of £2,850 New Three per Cent. stock. Mr. Black suggested the formation of a supplemental committee of ladies as visitors. Liberal contributions were announced from the Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. R. K. Bowley, Mr. J. N. Harrison, and others, in response to an appeal to increase the permanent fund. Votes of thanks to the chairman, committee, and officers, concluded the business of the evening.

ROME.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is working upon a poem, *King Stephen*, "treated in the Hungarian style," whatever that may be. According to report, the work is intended to inaugurate the series of Philharmonic concerts at Pesth next winter.



## PROVINCIAL.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Our own correspondent writes from the hardware capital (so called) as follows:—

"It only needed a couple of quartets at the concert in the Town Hall, on the 4th instant, to have made me believe that I was at a veritable 'Monday Popular,' for there were Madame Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé with a selection of pieces mostly classical, and Mr. Sims Reeves with 'Adelaide,' while more than one work (notably the pianoforte sonata in C, Op. 53, Beethoven, dedicated to Count Waldstein, and the familiar sonata in A for the same instrument and violin, best known as the 'Kreutzer') carried my mind very distinctly to St. James's Hall, and the delightful weekly gatherings which Mr. Arthur Chappell has now made one of the musical institutions of London. The highly favourable impression created by the accomplished lady violinist, on her first visit, was more than confirmed on this occasion, and should Madame Norman-Neruda again find herself in this smoky hive of industry (so called), she may safely count upon a cordial reception. To expatiate upon the qualities of Madame Neruda's playing is needless, as they are now so fully recognized by the London public, while not a few of the leading provincial towns have had the opportunity of thoroughly endorsing the verdict so promptly and unanimously recorded in the metropolis. Neither is it necessary to dilate on the playing of so veteran an artist as Mr. Hallé, who is quite appreciated at Birmingham. The appearance of Mr. Reeves was eagerly looked for (illness having unfortunately prevented him from fulfilling his last two engagements here), and the welcome which rang through the Town Hall was such as is accorded only to so special a favourite, while his singing was in every way as perfect and artistic as ever. The disappointment felt by the public when our greatest singer is debarred, by sickness from coming before them is a convincing tribute to his attraction; but it should be borne in mind, that to Mr. Reeves himself the disappointment is of a much more substantial and serious character, and that he, no more than the rest of the world, is likely to neglect the means of making money unless absolutely compelled to do so, while there is always this consolation in knowing that when he does appear, the most hypercritical cannot find fault with his singing. Despite the most wretched weather imaginable, the Town Hall was crowded in every part, and the concert was a complete success.—**BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.**"

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—We take the following from the *Northern Daily Express*, of February 5th:—

"Last night, Mr. Hare's concert took place in the New Town Hall and proved a very gratifying success. The artists comprised Madame Sinico, Madame. Arabella Goddard, Miss Edmonds, Mr. Santley, and Herr Wilhelmj. The programme was of a very *recherché* description, but in several instances was somewhat seriously departed from. Madame Sinico gave Ardit's 'Bolero,' and received an encore, to which she responded by singing the 'Flower Song,' from *Faust*. Miss Edmonds contributed greatly to the charming *ensemble* by her chasteness of feeling and truth of expression. To descend at length on the excessive merits of Madame Goddard's pianoforte playing would indeed be 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily.' With a single exception, we know of no pianist who can at all compare with this lady in elevation of style, intellectual appreciation of a composer's intention, and in her extraordinary command of mechanical resources. Thalberg's fantasia on airs from *La Muette de Portici*, Beethoven's glorious sonata in G (Op. 30), and Handel's well-known 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' were each played to admiration, and ensured the wrapt attention of the audience to the final note. Mr. Santley was encored for every solo, and sang, in addition to the pieces on the programme, Ardit's inspiring 'Stirrup Cup,' Virginia Gabriel's 'Cleansing Fires,' and that grand old national air, 'Hearts of Oak,' by Dr. Boyce. It is needless to say how magnificently these were declaimed by the greatest English baritone of modern times. The extraordinary violin playing of Herr Wilhelmj was in our opinion, the feature of this musical evening. This gentleman plays upon a Stradivarius-Cremona, of unequalled tone and power, and priceless value. We should say £1,000 would not be badly invested in the purchase of such a wonderful instrument. In his first solo he executed a *cadenza* of octaves, some astonishing feats in double stopping and shakes in octaves, in a manner that has never been equaled in this town. In the second part he performed a *rêverie* by Vieuxtemps, and a *cavatine* by Raff, in superb style."

**KENDAL.**—The following is condensed from an article in a local paper:—

"On Tuesday last a full-dress evening concert was given at the Town Hall, with Madame Florence Lancia, and an orchestra of thirteen members of Charles Hallé's band:—viz., first violins, Herr Otto Bernhardt and Signor Risegari; second violins, Mr. Ambrose Lee and Mons. Vetteer; tenor, Mons. Chas. Baetens; double bass, Herr Kliegl;

clarinet, Mr. Gladney; flute, Mons. Edw. Jong; trumpet, Mr. Ellwood; bassoon, Signor Raspi; drum, Mr. Battley; horns, Greuner and Herr Bahr. The concert was in great part instrumental, but—*place aux dames*—the first mention should be made of the lady who represented vocal art, and represented it so well. In 'Lo! hear the gentle lark,' in which Madame Lancia was accompanied by M. de Jong, her notes blended with the silver notes of the flute, suggesting the idea of a duet between skylarks. This was one of the great treats of the evening. In a song from Tennyson's *May Queen* Madame Lancia was complimented with an encore, upon which she gave 'Coming thro' the Rye,' with a *nocturne* and humour which left nothing to be desired. Her performance of Rode's air, with variations, was a wonderful example of executive skill. The instrumental part of the programme comprised a duet between the first violins, beautifully performed; a viola solo, by Herr Bernhardt—greatly admired; overtures, and other concerted pieces. M. de Jong also gave a solo on the flute, which was encored. The 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn terminated the concert, which was fashionably attended, and reflects additional credit on the committee, who have so often exerted themselves in securing for the town and neighbourhood the performances of the best artists."

**LEEDS.**—The following is from a correspondent on the spot:—

"The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave their second concert on Saturday evening. From a variety of causes the first (in January) suffered considerably in regard to attendance, and the committee found themselves involved in considerable pecuniary loss. To remedy this a benefit concert was given, to as large and enthusiastic an audience as ever filled the great room in the Town Hall—more than 1,900 people thus showing their appreciation of this excellent and useful institution. All the vocalists gave their gratuitous services, Mr. George Perren coming from Cambridge on purpose. Never was this excellent tenor in better voice. His rendering of 'My pretty Jane,' 'The Thorn,' and 'The old Green Land,' was perfect, and he was loudly recalled after each. Miss Anna Hiles, Miss Annie Anyon, and Mr. Dodds, the other principals, acquitted themselves well. Mr. Hiles gratified the audience with a violin solo (Sainton's *Rondo Mazurka*), and had to comply with an encore. The versatile Mr. Macabbe being in the town giving an entertainment, kindly came to sing (with great effect) 'The Whistling Thief' (Lover), and a recitation of 'Thomas O'Brien,' a story of '98. The chorus of the society (200 voices) gave several part songs with their accustomed ability, showing careful training at the hands of their conductor, Dr. Spark. This society is now free from debt, and has no doubt a prosperous career before it."

**SHEFFIELD.**—A correspondent informs us that the Choral Union have given a performance of the *Creation* with Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Robson, and Mr. D. Price as solo vocalists. The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:—

"Miss Hiles sang 'With Verdure Clad' like a true artist, and while using her voice to the best advantage seemed intent on interpreting the thought of the composers rather than displaying herself. In the duet she drew down enthusiastic applause—as she did indeed after each effort. Mr. Robson and Mr. Price both acquitted themselves well, as did the chorus and orchestra. Mr. Hiles was principal violin and Mr. Smith conducted."

—o—  
To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—In reference to a paragraph in the *Musical World* of last week, I beg to say that Mr. J. B. Jewson is the highly esteemed musical Professor at St. Mary's Hall, Brighton. I succeeded Mdlle. Angèle in the vocal department, which that lady had resigned owing to her public engagements. Would you kindly oblige me by inserting this in your next impression.—Yours truly,  
JENNY CONSTANT ANDREWS.

33, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, February 8th.

**MAYENCE.**—Herr Oberthur, from London, has been announced to play at the concerts of the Art Association.

**MUNICH.**—Herr Franz Lachner was the object of a perfect ovation, a short time since, at the Odeon, on the occasion of his conducting his Fourth Suite. The audience manifested unmistakably their sympathy with the old school, in opposition to that so strenuously supported by his Bavarian Majesty. Do what he will, however, King Ludwig will never make his subjects Wagnerites.—Auber's *Bronze Horse* has been successfully revived at the Theatre Royal. Among the novelties produced last year were: Gluck's *Iphigenia* (arranged by Herr R. Wagner); *Die sieben Raben Rheinberger*; *Das Rheingold*, Herr R. Wagner; and *Le Cheval de Bronze*, mentioned above. The revivals were: *Le Domino Noir*; *Guido et Genèvre*; *Le Prophète*; *Tristan und Isolde*; *Euryanthe*; *Le Brasseur de Preston*; *Le Philtre*; *Il Barbiere*; and *Die beiden Fische*.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

### MORNING PERFORMANCE,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 12TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### Programme.

QUARTET, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. . *Mozart.*  
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Admeto*)—Miss ENRIQUES .. .. . *Handel.*  
CONCERTO, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN .. .. . *Handel.*  
SONGS, {"The Lotus Flower"}—Miss ENRIQUES .. .. . {*Schumann.*  
{"Impatience"} .. .. . {*Schubert.*  
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, MATCOCK, C. HARPER, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
Conductor .. .. . Mr. BENEDICT.

### THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### Programme.

##### PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 12, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*  
SONG, "Deh per questo"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. . *Mozart.*  
SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. . *Beethoven.*

##### PART II.

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. . *Schumann.*  
SONGS, {"Die Neugierige"}—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. . *Schubert.*  
{"Wohin"} .. .. .  
QUARTET, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. . *Haydn.*  
Conductor .. .. . Mr. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28 Piccadilly; KIRTH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

#### DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., WILLIAM WALKER, of Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, Organ Builder, aged 67.

On the 2nd inst., at 13, Maclesfield Street, Soho, of bronchitis, SIMON ANDREW FORSTER, Musical Instrument Maker, in the 69th year of his age.

#### NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

\*\* Want of space compels us to postpone the publication of Act III. of the English version of FROUFROU, until next week.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedience may suggest.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

#### DEPRESSION.

NO regular concert-goer can have failed to mark the empty seats which, recently, have given a beggarly aspect to our concert-rooms. The matter is a subject, not of partial, but of

general complaint. Otherwise there might be grounds for believing that local causes led to the result; that, for example, want of attraction, either in artists or programmes, influence the public to stay away. But the universal falling-off cannot be disputed; especially when the Monday Popular audience,—the steadiest and most reliable in London—shows itself affected. Not more conclusive evidence could be desired, now that even Herr Joachim cannot fill the house as of yore. The great violinist and great artist, who hardly knows what an empty seat means, has, this season, the opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of the phenomenon to an uncommon degree. We may well be asked the signification of all this; and we may well try to answer the question hopefully, because minds given to pessimism have already, perhaps, conjured up a gloomy future. We hear it said that concert-givers have shot ahead of the public in the character of their entertainments; that, yielding to the persistent demands of the press, concert-goers have been dosed with more and better music than they can bear; and that a natural reaction has set in which must run its, probably, lengthy course. Others, again, say, that the affection of the public for good music is more apparent than real; that the majority are attracted not so much by what is done, as by who does it; and that, whenever the supply of fresh artists slackens, people begin to stay at home. To some extent, there is truth in these statements;—just enough truth to make the arguments based on them plausible. But, as explaining the phenomenon of which we speak, they are worthless. No excess of catering, and no lack of novelty could affect audiences as they are now affected, because there are enough amateurs in London, whom these causes cannot touch, to make empty benches at good concerts impossible. Who will venture to say that Mr. Chappell has overdosed his faithful patrons; or that, having Herr Joachim and his fellow-artists, the Monday Popular audience stays away in disgust at the absence of novelty? It is clear that we must look farther after the Why of our scanty gatherings. Suppose we search outside the region of art, and within the region of the pocket.

These are not flourishing times. The assertion is constant and abiding; but, now, it will really bear investigation, as everybody having eyes to see must see. Moreover, any given number of people have only so much money to spend upon music. The article is not one of primary necessity, so long as there are mouths to fill and bodies to clothe. A man has first to pay his way; and, although very many do nothing of the sort, the obligation is none the less strong. Having satisfied this condition of living, he may or may not have the means of luxury. At present those means are undeniably scanty. This assertion, if need were, could be backed by the loud and discontented voices of luxury-providers everywhere, who cry their wares in vain to poorly lined pockets. But just now there is a special cause at work, banning all thoughts of luxury, musical or other. Among the obstacles in that "way" which every body must pay, is the tax-gatherer. Like "Pallida Mors," that worthy is inevitable; but he has chosen to come before his time, and at an hour ("Pallida Mors" again) when he is particularly unwelcome. Mr. Lowe is, surely, a most infelicitous man. In order to relieve cab-masters, and other flourishing people, of imposts which they decline to share with the public, he turns on the tax-gatherer as a supplement to our Christmas bills. What wonder that the depleted tax-payer, jingling his few remaining coppers, and ringing a melancholy dirge in the depths of his pocket, makes resolutions of retrenchment. He would cut off the new silk dress for his wife, run his pen through a list of "accomplishments" for his daughters, and refuse to discuss the merits of rival watering places, if he dared. But he remembers the words of the preacher about the advantage, under



certain conditions, of a "dinner of herbs" over a stalled ox, and does not dare. Retrenchment goes on, nevertheless, and among the things most promptly sacrificed is music. "Plenty of that at home," says the British tax-payer, before proceeding to recoup himself for Mr. Lowe's demands, out of the otherwise sure receipts of concert-goers.

Here, then, is the reason for the depression of which we speak. Accepting it, we find it has a bright side. Where the cause is temporary, so must be the result; and, in any case, it is satisfactory to believe that, instead of an indifference to art, the public are influenced by a contracted pocket.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE sudden failure of Mr. Reeves's voice at the last Saturday Evening Concert has, of course, led to the usual crop of complaints. "A Grumbler," who, at all events, has the gift of seeing himself as others see him, protests that what Mr. Reeves did sing showed no signs of weakness, and declares his belief that the stoppage was no more than a freak. "A Grumbler" must be a very stupid fellow, or else his satire upon last Saturday's "geese" is very clumsy. We assume the former, and ask our good friend to ask himself, in one of his specially sane moments, whether Mr. Reeves, or any other artist, is likely, for a freak's sake, to sacrifice a large sum of money, and to do so over and over again? It must be very pleasant to feel one's-self a public favourite, but it does not follow that part of the pleasure lies in flinging away cash, and risking the position.

WE are in the habit of calling woman the "weaker vessel," without troubling ourselves as to the truth of the expression. Is there any truth in it? The "weaker vessel" lives longer than we do, endures pain better, climbs Mont Blanc, rides to hounds over the stiffest "bullfinches," makes speeches, and wants to amputate limbs. Moreover, the "weaker vessel" has the faculty of escaping catarrh. Look at our artists just now. The men are down with hoarseness right and left; the women, unassailable from every point of the compass, are blissfully unconscious of having throats, and sometimes do the work of their masculine *confrères* as well as their own. Clearly, some of our social arrangements must be reversed. For example, why should not we hear, if need arise, on a wet night: "Will any lady ride outside to oblige a gentleman?"

In one of this week's "waifs," our readers will see what they have to expect, next season, in the matter of *opéra-bouffé*. We are threatened with a Gallic invasion of the most formidable character, and London will resound with the strains of Offenbach and his disciples. Are we sorry for it? Not at all. Let us have as much of the thing as possible, at one time. Politic pastry-cooks have been known to give new apprentices the run of the shop for a day or two. Consequences:—inordinate stuffing, sickness, disgust, and avoidance of the sweets for ever after. We, therefore, say again: Let us have all the *opéra-bouffé* our "lively neighbours" can give us. We shall the sooner grow tired of it, and turn to wholesome pabulum.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER'S *Lohengrin* has been produced at Brunswick, but with very doubtful success. The partisans of the Prophet lay the blame—of course—on everything and everybody, except the music and its composer. They are loud in their denunciations of the conductor, Herr Abt, the chorus, and the members of the band, none of whom, they say, were perfect.

DESPITE the unfortunate destruction of the Theatre Royal at Dresden, by what penny, or rather, three-half-penny-a-liners term "the devouring element," the opera company gave, during the past year, one hundred and thirty-three operatic performances.—There is a great diversity of opinion regarding the site to be selected for the New Theatre Royal. It is to be hoped, however, that those persons with whom the matter rests, will speedily come to a decision, so that the new building may be commenced without unnecessary delay.

THE damage done by the late fire to the new building of the Association of Music, at Vienna, amounts to from forty to fifty thousand

florins.—At a concert given, a short time since, by a fair pianist, Mdlle. Leopoldine Pühl, all the gas burners in the room kept growing dimmer and dimmer, until at length they went out altogether. Thinking, no doubt, that the best course under the circumstances, would be to "make light" of her misfortune, Mdlle. Pühl went on playing very unconcernedly for about half-an-hour, at the expiration of which period it was found that the gaseous deficiency, if we may so express it, was at an end.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS LILY SIMESTER gave a concert, on Monday evening, at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, assisted by Misses Poole, Palmer, and Kate Gordon; Messrs. Albert James, José Howe, J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Lehmeier. Miss Poole, who retains her position as a general favourite, obtained the first encore. Miss Lily Simester, in "The Ash Grove" and "Tell me my heart" (accompanied on the harp by Mr. J. B. Chatterton), evoked more than ordinary enthusiasm. The duet, "Over the Hawthorn Hedge," and the trio, "My lady, the Countess" (Misses Poole and Palmer), were rendered in a manner which left nothing to desire. Miss Simester was also very successful in Mr. Benedict's new song, "Little Willie," the sentiment of which was interpreted to perfection. Miss Palmer displayed remarkable power in Hatton's "Rescued;" Miss Kate Gordon's pianoforte solo, "Com à gentil," was well received; Mr. Albert James, in "The Pilgrim of Love," obtained a recall, when he substituted "My pretty Jane." Mr. José Howe, very creditably, and at short notice, filled the place of Mr. Lewis Thomas, kept away by indisposition. In Molloy's "Vagabond" he produced a masterly effect. Mr. J. B. Chatterton's appearance was the signal for hearty applause, which was fully accompanied by his performance on the harp. Herr Lehmeier played a pianoforte solo on *Rigoletto*, and conducted with ability. Although the weather was unpropitious, there was a tolerably good attendance, and the performances were much enjoyed.

A CONCERT was given on February 2nd, in Victoria Hall, Notting Hill, for the benefit of St. Mark's National Schools' Building Fund. It attracted a crowded audience, and the receipts realized a considerable amount. A portion of the Norfolk House Choir attended, and performed several popular glees and part songs, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, with much effect. A young German vocalist, Madlle. Zernsiedel, sang the waltz aria, "The Naiades," and was recalled, as was also Madame D'Elise in a song by Miss Gabriel. Mr. George Taylor sang Duggan's "Why breathe that sigh?" and was encored, as was Mr. C. J. Bishenden in a new song, "Dearer to my soul thou art." Miss A. Dwight, Mr. W. Reeves, and Mr. F. Childerstone, contributed some songs and duets. Miss Amy Perry in Holmes's *Cypriote à la Scozzesi* created a legitimate effect. The concert was a decided success. Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and Mr. Mansell Ramsey accompanied.

MR. AGUILAR'S RECITALS.—The programme of February 3rd was as follows:—Sonata in B flat, Beethoven; "Christians," a dramatic and romantic piece, Aguilar; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; "List Look" (romance), Aguilar; Polonaise in A, Chopin; "Love Song," Henselt; Sonata in G, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; "The Blue Bells of Scotland," Aguilar; "Esmeralda" (morceau caractéristique), Aguilar; "Evening" (romance), Aguilar; "Couleur de Rose" (galop brillant), Aguilar. Mr. Aguilar was favoured with a large attendance of his friends and pupils.

#### LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a mis-statement which appears in the last impression of the *Musical World*? The office of Decani, or principal Tenor in the Choir of Lincoln's Inn has not been vacant for some years past. Since the retirement of Mr. George Perren, three or four years since, the post has been occupied—I need not say most efficiently—by Mr. William Coates, who still holds the appointment.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. D. Cantab.,  
Organist, &c., to the Honourable Society of  
Lincoln's Inn.

February 9th. 1870.

LAST night the Sacred Harmonic Society were to give Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—always one of the most attractive of the Society's many attractive programmes.

ALL the world will regret that Mr. Shirley Brooks has been seriously ill; all the world will rejoice that our best modern essayist, and brightest conversational wit, is pronounced by Sir Henry Thompson to be out of danger.

## CHRISTINA NILSSON.

The following article, though written several years ago, retains all its original interest, and its reproduction here requires no apology. Mlle Nilsson is still, and will remain for years to come, an artist respecting whose career every detail may reckon upon a welcome:—

About twenty years ago, the wife of a poor field labourer, named Nilsson, who resided with his family at Welland, near the little town of Vexio, situated in the Swedish province of Smoland, gave birth to a female child, whom they forthwith got baptized by the name of Christina. She was their last daughter, and came into the world seven years after the birth of the youngest of her brothers. In her eighth year, she began to attend the public school of Vexio, at the parish church of which place, her father, who, it appears, was possessed of a fine voice, was accustomed to sing tenor at church festivals and funeral services. The third son of this rustic vocalist had learned, without the aid of any master, to play on the violin, and to become the musician at all the balls of the neighbourhood. When, at the early age of nine, the little Christina was wont to sing, in her sweetest tones, the native melodies of her birth-place, it was this brother who accompanied her on his violin, and when his duty called him to labour in the fields, his sister took up his violin, and, self-taught like her brother, learned to accompany her voice on the self same instrument.

When Christina had reached her twelfth summer, her mother used to take her to the neighbouring fairs, and there the girlish vocalist, meanly dressed, a smile on her lips, her rich golden hair scarcely concealed under her silk kerchief, sang to the delight of gazing rustics, who stood round her listening and enchanted. And who went, one by one, to throw into her boyish brother's hat the tribute of two half-pence each, their simple remuneration for the pleasure she dispensed them. When the fairs were over she repaired dutifully to her father's homestead, and in his hands she deposited the money she had earned, and thus contributed her share to the sustenance of his poor household.

At the age of thirteen there came the turning point in her humble existence. Her mother had taken her to the fair of Ljungby, and had left her there with her little brother. Here a ventriloquist had raised his booth opposite the very place the youthful Christina had fixed upon for the display of her powers. Here then was a fair rival, against whom all his talents were vain; he saw his customers slide off to the opposite entertainment. But he did not disappear, but like a practical man of business, as he was, called upon the syren, and engaged her services, in his establishment, at the rate of 20 francs for the eight days of the fair. This, then, was the first contract entered upon by her, who, in a few years, was to be the charm of the lyric opera in Paris. One day that the childish performer was singing, with all the enthusiasm of genius, she attracted the attention of Judge Tornehljelm, a member of the town bench, who, passing by, stopped, and struck with admiration, exclaimed: "Child! thou hast the voice of an angel, there is the ray of genius in thy eyes—in thy forehead. Listen—wouldst thou like to learn to be a great singer?" "Sir, I cannot," answered the child, with emotion; "I am under an engagement with the ventriloquist." "I will break off thy engagement for thee," replied the worthy magistrate, "and I will take thee to a lady who will be a mother to thee, and with whom thou wilt learn to sing perfectly." Little Christina Nilsson remained a few moments in thoughtful silence; she reflected that she engaged with the ventriloquist in order to contribute to maintain her parents, if she accepted of the judge's proposal that would deprive them of her aid. The thought weighed on her young heart; her breast heaved, and her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears. "Poor child!" exclaimed Mr. Tornehljelm, "write to thy parents; let them know the proposal I make thee; to-morrow I will return here with the lady to whose motherly care I would confide thee. Christina sent a letter to her parents by her brother, who returned with the answer that she was not to return to take leave of them, for then they would not have the courage to part from her. "Tell her," said they, "that we pray God to accompany her and bless her as we do bless her." The Baroness Leubseum, her future protectrix, presented herself at the ventriloquist's booth. Before her marriage she also had been a celebrated singer. A few words sufficed to settle with the ventriloquist. Two gold pieces reconciled that worthy to rescind the engagement with little Nilsson, and the Baroness took her home with her. After giving her the first lessons in her art she placed her with the celebrated singing master, Franz Berwald, of Stockholm, under whose roof she remained a twelvemonth. After six months' teaching, Berwald took her to sing before the Royal Family of Sweden, who were delighted with her performance. In acknowledgment of the applause she received, she performed a solo of great difficulty on the violin, and filled the audience with wonder. Some months afterwards, the Baroness took her to Paris, and placed her in a boarding-school. Here she received lessons from the well-known teacher, Wartel, once a baritone of some celebrity at the Imperial Opera, who, after giving her musical instruction during three years, introduced her to M. Carvalho, the lessee of the Lyrical Theatre, Paris, before whom, and the stage manager, she sang the aria of "Roberto," the variations of Rhode, and the cavatina of Betty. The night before, the young artist had dreamed that she had sang before the lessee, and that he had given her an engagement in his theatre. This she mentioned to her singing-master, and he to Carvalho, who, after hearing her, engaged her for three years, at the rate

of 2000 francs the first year, 2500 francs the second, and 3000 the third, which will terminate in the month of May, 1867. Nilsson made her *début* in the *Traviata*, in which she sang 80 nights in succession; each succeeding night bringing an ovation that exceeded the former one. And thus was the poor singing child of Welland repaid for the dutiful efforts of her earlier years, and nothing was wanting in the hour of her triumph, neither garlands of flowers, nor the bravos of the *dilettanti*, nor the applause of listening thousands. She appeared 150 nights in the *Enchanted Flute*, and with equal success 100 nights in *Martha*, the same number in *Don Juan*, and lastly in *Sardanapalus*, an opera composed by a young author of great promise, whom Christina Nilsson took a great pleasure in making known to and applauded by the world. Every day her triumphs are on the increase. The qualities of her voice and her genius are daily developing extraordinary elements, that make public delight, and which are rapidly placing her among the musical glories of her country, a country that among others gave birth to the far famed Jenny Lind.

Christina Nilsson is now about 21 years of age, tall and slender, with curly golden hair, broad and intellectual forehead; large blue eyes, aquiline nose of delicate contour, fresh, graceful mouth, small white teeth, well set and beautifully formed neck and shoulders, and graceful and flexible shape. Her voice is clear and of great power, full and sustained in the grave notes, and in the sharp ones wonderfully silvery, pleasing, pure, and melodious. Nothing can be more precise than her performance, nor at the same time more imbued with feeling than her manner of singing. In passages of passion she is inimitable, in those of *bravura* she is extraordinarily brilliant, and in *finales* and symphonies her voice dominates all, and seems by its harmonic power to blend all the others into musical beauty.

While on the stage, she is never absent in mind, but always possesses the power of identifying herself with the part she is playing.

Her candour delights you, her energy makes you thrill, her depth of feeling fills you with emotion. In the *Traviata*, she dies as Moriani, the great tenor, dies in the *Lucrezia*. In *Martha* she sings with a tenderness and grace that has never been surpassed, or even equalled. Christina Nilsson was born to be a great tragedian. She is now but in the beginning of her career. She speaks her native language, which is the Swedish, with elegance, and is mistress, also, of English, German, Italian, and French, and can sing in every one of them. She is now singing in French in the Lyrical Opera of Paris. She will shortly make her *début* in Italian at the Italian Opera in London, where she has been engaged, for 1,500 francs a month, for the summer seasons of 1867 and 1868, in company with Tietjens and Trebelli, the tenor, Gardoni; and the baritone, Santley; and she will return to the Lyrical Theatre of Paris for the months of August, September, October, and November, at a salary three times greater than she enjoys at present.

And now, she who was the poor singing girl of Welland, is sought for by the lessees of the greatest theatres in the world. The child that sang in the ventriloquist's booth for twenty francs for eight days' efforts, is now the delight of the Parisian world. She has contracted to sing in London for 1,500 francs a month, and every night she sings in private concerts the melodies of her native land—those melodies for which she was once remunerated with forty or fifty pence by her audience of admiring rustics, she is paid at the rate of 1,000 or 2,000 francs—the great reward of diligence and application. And yet, in spite of her glory and good fortune, Christina Nilsson still remains modest, good, and humble. The days of her early life are still deeply graven on her memory. When she sees a boy or girl singing or playing on a violin in the street, she invariably gives them money, saying, "Poor things! they are beginning the world as I did." She will, no doubt, soon acquire a considerable fortune. Her ambition is to purchase a good estate in order to insure the existence of her parents and her own, and then to found a singing school in her native place for poor children. "I wish," she often says, "to pay back to mankind what mankind has done for me."

In the concerts given for the benefit of the poor, she not only contributes from her own purse, but also makes the collection for them herself. Thus, at the last Freemasons' Concert for the Benefit of Orphans, after having been immensely applauded, and several times called on the stage, she availed herself of the enthusiasm of the public, and, entering amongst the spectators, purse in hand, she asked alms for the orphans, and then returned to the stage, laden with money, and receiving the blessings and applause of the public.

Nor are her virtues less great than her musical genius. The glory of poets is kept up by their books, that of painters and sculptors by their paintings and their sculptures, while that of singers dedicated to theatrical art, can only be kept from oblivion by the writings of their contemporaries. Their triumphs, the applause they receive, the emotions of joy or sorrow which they inspire among their listeners in their nights of happy inspiration, and which, it is true, often produce them wealth, last but the period of their lives. They are like flowers that die in their beauty, but yet even these last may be copied with the artist's brush. Of her who enchanted us with song there rests but a remembrance; of her voice, her style, her performance, nothing remains. But the virtues and the good actions of Christina Nilsson will always remain in story, and will accompany her portrait to remote posterity. The daughter of the poor field labourer of Welland, honours the land that gave her birth, not only by her genius, but by her modesty and charitable disposition. Happy, thrice happy the women who can write with these characters her name in the book of history.

## W A I F S.

The Santley tour party, with Mdlle. Sinico, Miss A. Edmonds, Herr Wilhelm, and Madame Arabella Goddard, have given concert since our last at Bradford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (two—morning and evening), Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen. The last concert of the English part of the tour takes place to-day at Liverpool (morning).

Mr. Balfe is recovering from his attack of bronchitis.

Mr. Jefferson will revisit England next year.

A new drama, *The Countess*, is in preparation at the Royal Alfred.

Mr. Alfred Baylis, the new tenor, is engaged for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Byron leaves the Globe Theatre, and goes, it is said, to the Adelphi, where he will play in a piece of his own writing.

Mr. Henry Neville, it is reported, returns to his allegiance at the Adelphi.

The post of organist of the Parish Church, Hackney, is vacant. The stipend is £77 per annum.

Mr. Dussek Corrie, husband to Miss Thirlwall, died lately, after a few days' illness.

The Pope has conferred upon M. Leybach the order of Gregory the Great.

A commission has been appointed to inquire into and re-constitute the Conservatoire at Paris.

Mr. H. J. Byron goes to the Adelphi shortly, in a new play of his own.

M. Felix and his company, with Schneider, will this year appear at the Princess's Theatre.

Professor Sterndale Bennett gave his first lecture on music before the University of Cambridge, last Saturday, in the Art's School.

M. Alexis Boieldien, a nephew of the famous composer of that name, died last month at Paris.

Mr. George B. Allen, Musc. Bac., and Miss Alice May, the contralto singer, sailed on the 14th inst. for Melbourne.

A contemporary says that it is reported that Mr. Barry Sullivan has received from "a noble lady" a cheque for £10,000, to cover his losses at the Holborn Theatre.

Mr. Dion Boucault will write the libretto of the next *opera-bouffe* produced at the Lyceum. This work is *Le Petit Faust*, by Hervé, the composer of *Chilpéric*.

Mr. Ernest, a new tenor, studying under Signor Salvini, M.D., will sing with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, at Chelsea, on the 15th.

Mr. Tom Hohler has accepted an engagement with M. Bagier at the Italiens, and will very shortly make his first appearance in the Salle Ventadour, in *Marta*.

*Le Menestrel* says that Signor Mario has engaged himself for three years at St. Petersburg, in the capacity of Régisseur General. We don't believe a word of the story.

The Italian journals are ecstatic over a Mdlle. Albani, who is now singing at Messina. Unfortunately, we know too well what the ecstasy of Italian journals is worth.

Upon retiring from the post of Director of the Court balls, after twenty-one years' service, M. Strauss has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's new series of concerts, under the new title of "Saturday Ballad Concerts," takes place this evening, in St. James's Hall.

M. Pasdeloup's programme of last Sunday ran thus:—Symphony ("Jupiter"), Mozart; unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; "Septet," Beethoven; "Gavotte," Lachner; Overture (*Ruy Blas*), Mendelssohn.

At a concert given in Paris on Tuesday last, on behalf of the Société Italienne, several unpublished works of Rossini were performed. Among the artists engaged were Mme. Alboni, Mdlle. Battu, MM. Gardoni and Menu.

Referring to some remarks to the effect that *Chilpéric*, is shortly to be withdrawn from the Lyceum, and replaced by *Le Petit Faust*, adapted by Mr. Dion Boucault, the lessees state that they do not intend at present to substitute any other *opera-bouffe* for *Chilpéric*.

The *Gazzetta Piemontese* informs us that the second performance of Signor Vera's new opera, *Valeria*, was equally as successful as the first.

La Signora Vera Lorine and the baritone Coliva had both some effective pieces to sing; a 'Brindisi,' especially, met with immense success. The scenery and dresses were splendid, and the opera altogether was magnificently put upon the stage. *Valeria* will shortly be produced at Florence.

The difference in size between the two *prima donnas* at the Boston (Madame Parepa-Rosa and Miss Rose Hersee) is happily expressed in their names. While one is those the other is Rosa. —*Boston (U.S.) Saturday Gazette*, Jan. 15.

MADAME PATTI.—The Emperor Alexander has just conferred on Madame Patti the Ord'r of Merit, and appointed her first singer at the Court. The decoration is set with diamonds and surmounted with the Imperial crown.

At Mr. George Wood's Saturday Evening Concert, to-night (Exeter Hall), the features of the programme are Mr. Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, originally produced at the Bradford Festival, many years ago, and Beethoven's C minor symphony.

M. Pasdeloup was faithful to his colours even till the last moment. He closed his directorship of the Lyrique with Wagner's *Rienzi*. We don't like Wagner, yet we say,—"Well done, M. Pasdeloup." Constancy, even to a bad cause, must command respect.

The Milan *Fama* announces that Prince Poniatowski has three operas in hand:—one for Paris, libretto by Saint-Georges; another for the Théâtre Grec, libretto by Dumas; and another founded on Tasso's *Aminta*, for Mdlle. Patti.

Amongst the engagements made by Mr. Montague for the new theatre in the Strand, are those of Miss Nelly Power and Mr. Henry Irving. There is a chance of Miss Lydia Foote's joining Mr. Montague's company.

At the Saturday Popular Concert of to-day, Beethoven's septet is to be repeated. The quartet is Mozart's, in G minor, with pianoforte. Pianoforte, Miss Zimmermann, who is also to play her own arrangement of one of Handel's organ concertos (a very unusual, and, we may add, a very questionable, feature in the Popular Concert programme).

Mr. Sothorn is recovering from his late accident. Ladies will be delighted to hear that, before cannoning against the tree, he had the presence of mind to turn his head, and thus save the symmetry of his nose. He will re-appear as Dundreary on the 14th inst., and his first original part will be in a two-act drama by Mr. Craven.

Mr. T. W. Robertson is said to be out of health. A gentleman who waited so long for success, and who, when it came, bore it so modestly, is sure to command the sympathy of the public. By the way, in his *Nightingale*, Mr. Robertson has the credit of being the first who has ventured to amuse a British audience by "guying" a clergyman.

An effort is being made in Belgium to revive the Flemish school of music, of which Crequillon, Arcadelt, Ockeghem, and Lassus are the chief ornaments. M. Edouard Gregoire heads the enterprise, and his work, *Réflexions sur la régénération de l'ancienne école de musique flamande et sur le théâtre flamand* is attracting much attention.

So much ingenuity is shown in the offerings made to artists that we are half inclined to think the artists themselves devote their spare time to the subject. At Nice, recently, a bouquet was tendered to an actress, having concealed within it a jewelled nightingale, enclosed in a golden cage. The recipient is said not to have discovered her prize for some time, which saying who will may believe.

*L'Europe Artiste* says that London will have enough of operetta during May and June. M. Felix comes with Schneider; M. Moreau Sainti with *Les Tures*; M. Bertrand with *Les Brigands*, and, perhaps, M. Morin with *La Princesse de Trébizonde*. Seeing that we already have M. Hervé with *Chilpéric*, if London be not content, London is very ungrateful.

The symphony at the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, is Spohr's in G major (the "Historical"). The overtures are Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and the *Fierrabras* of Schubert. Mr. Carrodus is to play the first movement (why not the whole?) of Beethoven's violin concerto. Mdlle. Carola and Signor Foli are the singers. A strong programme, indeed.

Miss Kathleen Ryan, youngest daughter of the late Desmond Ryan, made a successful "first appearance" at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, as Charlotte, in *How to Die for Love*. Miss Ryan has many requisites for the stage, and further practice, combined with her natural qualifications, will, there is every reason to believe, make her a genuine actress; nothing could have been kinder than her reception by the public.

"The inauguration concert of the Sala Sivori at Genoa," says the *Opinione*, "was a splendid success. Sivori, as usual, astonished us by his marvellous playing. Signor Luca Fumagalli, came from Milan



expressly for the concert, and in a sonata of Beethoven, a concerto of Weber, and a concerto on *La Sonnambula*, composed by his brother, the late Adolfo Fumagalli, showed himself to be a pianist of the first order."

Herr Oberthür, the harpist, is on a Continental tour, and has met with invariable success in the towns he has visited, commencing with Calais, where he played his *Mediation* and *Cascade*, as well as two fantasias by Parish Alvars. Recalled after each piece, he was forced to play the last one over again. At Lille, Herr Oberthür gave his *Souvenir de Londres*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Cascade*, and was recalled after each. From Lille he goes to Cologne, and thence to Mayence, when he will play a duet, for harp and piano, with Madame Schott, wife of the Burgomaster and well-known music publisher of that town.

At the Operahouse at Lima, the *prima donna*, Signora Marchetti, has had her benefit. Her admirers decorated the whole way from her residence to the theatre with flowers, ribands, and triumphal arches, and drew her back home in a car got up for the occasion; but her partisans, and those of Signora Mollo, refusing to hear the rival singer, threw stones and brickbats on the stage. As the chorus-singers were maimed, it is supposed the authorities may interfere. Meanwhile, a third *prima donna* has arrived from Panama, a Miss Stales, an American of promise.

Those who hope for the establishment of an *opera-bouffe* in London must not be discouraged after seeing *Chilpéric*. It is dull, but it must be borne in mind that, probably not within a lifetime will one be called on to listen to such nonsense as the English adaptation, with its jokes about "Who's Griffiths?" and stolen Joe Millerisms. However, those who really appreciate genuine fun, will be delighted with a Mr. Odell, who plays the Chamberlain. The red on the tip of this gentleman's nose, his occasional falsetto voice, and the real humour which prompts him to fall down every five minutes, to appear now with a dust-pan in his hand, now with a broom, give hopes that we have at last found a worthy successor to—well, say Harry Boleno!

**MUSICAL EVENINGS.**—The first of a series of musical evenings for the performance of chamber music, under the directorship of Mr. Henry Holmes, was given on Tuesday night at St. George's Hall. The programme comprised the quartet in A (No. 5) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Beethoven, Handel's *Suite de pièces*, and a quartet in E flat, Op. 44, by Mendelssohn, besides some classical songs and other instrumental pieces, with Mr. Henry Holmes for the first violin, Mr. W. Macfarren for pianist, and Miss Marion Severn for vocalist. The performance, as might have been anticipated, was successful, and the programme was just sufficiently long to satisfy without tiring. The next concert will take place on the 1st of March.

On Tuesday week a morning performance took place at the Gaiety, which was really entertaining. But then the Sock and Buskin people had just an inkling of stage art, for they were members of a new Dramatic Training School, under the management of some of the company at the Gaiety Theatre. The connection of the new school with the Gaiety is very creditable to the theatre, and may in time lead up to a good "house of call" for actors and actresses, who need not puzzle themselves and the public by bursting upon the world too precipitately. The performance consisted of *All that Glitters is not Gold*, and the *Waterman*, which involved promising acting and singing, together with a wondrous military solo on the drum, not, perhaps, quite so telling as Thackeray's "Chronicle." Of course we forbore to give names.

**THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS.**—If "he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," who sells music should himself be musical. The condition appears to be satisfied in some degree, at least, for certain assistants in the West-end music shops have formed themselves into a *troupe*, under the style and title of Mohawk Minstrels. Why "Mohawk Minstrels" we cannot tell, nor does it much matter. The designation is alliterative, and any *troupe*, by any name, would sing just as well or as badly. The Mohawk Minstrels made their *début* on Saturday last at the Concert Hall, Store Street, with great success. Their programme was varied enough to suit all tastes. It contained songs, both comic and sentimental, instrumental solos, dances, sketches, stump speeches, and the inevitable "skedaddle" walk round. We cannot go into particulars about the performance, nor is it necessary. Everything was well received by a crowded audience, and encores were the order of the evening. Among those who specially distinguished themselves were Mr. Harry Guest, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Dean Edwards, and Mr. J. Francis, who, besides acting as stage manager, made a stump speech, joined in a "comic sketch," and sang several comic songs. The Mohawk Minstrels may congratulate themselves.

We read the following in *Watson's Art Journal* of the 22nd ult:—

"Next week Mrs. Howard Paul assumes her celebrated rôle of the Grand Duchess at the Théâtre Français. It is said that her success in this character was so great in London that the piece ran over one hundred nights. The great Schneider wrote the following letter after witnessing her creation of the Duchess in London:—'Chère Ami—Last night I assisted at

the first performance of *La Grande Duchesse*, and I confess I was most curious to see how my capricious little Duchess would deport herself in an English garb. I was enchanted with your representation; and your treatment of the 'Song of the Glass' was so original and *piquante*, that I could fully comprehend the endless encores it received. The Grand Duchess of Paris salutes her English sister. *Tout à vous de cœur*,—HORTENSE SCHNEIDER. *St. James's Theatre*, July 12, 1868."

Messrs. Asher have lately received from their house at Leipzig a splendid work on the *Costumes of all Nations, from the beginning of history to the 19th century*, by A. Kreischmer, costumier to the Theatre Royal, Berlin, and Dr. C. Rohrbach, Gotha. This work is illustrated with 100 coloured plates, containing more than 2,000 subjects of costumes, implements, furniture, ornaments, &c., &c., of all countries and of all periods. The work suggests itself at once as being invaluable to historians, artists, managers of theatres, and amateurs. The book begins with a history on the origin of costume, fashions, &c., and is divided into antiquities, middle ages, and modern times; and in these divisions every civilized country on the face of the globe receives due attention. Managers of theatres need no longer be at fault in "mounting" a play or an opera: with such a book, artists scarcely need drapery or costumes as models.

Miss Rose Hersee has been making a sensation in Benedict's variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at St. Louis, Louisville, Buffalo, &c. Speaking of the performance of *Fra Diavolo*, by the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, the *St. Louis Times* (Dec. 9) says:—"Miss Rose Hersee makes an admirable Zerlina, and, while confirming, both in vocal and dramatic ability, all that we have said of her, evinces even more talent than we suspected. *Petite* in figure, sprightly in action, possessed of a very flexible and musical voice, she enacts this rôle in a manner difficult to surpass. The chamber scene was marked by many excellencies, among which was an interpretation of the 'Carnival of Venice,' adapted with variations by Benedict. It is a very brilliant composition, requiring high culture of voice, and also a very extended compass. There are several notes which would tax the majority of sopranos to their utmost to reach, but the charming *prima donna* in question takes them as easily and sweetly as a bird. Her upper notes are wonderfully pure. The song is calculated to show her powers, and in it she achieved a genuine triumph. Applause followed at every rest, and at the conclusion she was called back, and obliged to repeat one or two of the closing variations and the *finale*."

A performance, by the National Choral Society, of one of Mendelssohn's three Latin motets for female voices deserves notice. Why have all three not been heard time and again? They are masterly and they are charming—in brief, they are Mendelssohn's; yet the public know nothing about them save what is told in the composer's letters. The information thus afforded is interesting enough. When the composer visited Rome in 1830, he fell in love with more than one lady. His passion, however, was of a sort which admitted of a plurality of objects. There was no question of marriage, for the charmers were nuns; to whom, moreover, he never spoke, and whom he never even saw. But the nuns of Trinità de' Monti sang with the "sweetest voices in the world, quite tender and touching;" and their tones went straight to the heart of the susceptible young German. How could he respond? Thanks to some wretched musician there was a way. "The composition is positively ridiculous," said Mendelssohn, alluding to what was sung; "I am composing something to suit their voices, and I mean to send it them." The intention was fulfilled, and the Latin motets came into existence. So, then, these works are bound up with a pretty little bit of romance, which ought long ago to have gained attention for them, even if their intrinsic merit were not what it is. Mr. Martin has done well to bring one before the public. The others await their turn.—*Graphic*.

Do-s any one ever reckon the waste of mental and corporeal energy which is represented by the superfluous noise of a great town? To listen to the distant hum of London in the dusk of the evening, in some spot not liable to any acute sounds, is as suggestive and as mysterious as trying to fathom and analyze the murmurs resounding in a sea-born shell; and if we may believe the learned ones, this arises from the same cause—the collection and intermingling of many faintly-heard echoes. But to hear those same sounds from their very midst, to have each clamouring more violently than its fellow for entrance into our brain, how much labour does it not involve upon that easily-tired organ, to which it ought not to be liable? Railways, with their whistles, their fog-signals, their grinding of iron on iron, their constant shocks, the banging of doors, the hoarse, unintelligible screaming of porters, are becoming more and more part of the hourly life of a Londoner. Besides these, our streets have, since Hogarth's day, become far noisier; first Macadamized roads, and now granite, worn down with overwhelming crowds of vehicles of all weights, going at all kinds of paces. These drown the minor abominations of organ-grinders and street bands, that would otherwise have made the words

we are reading or writing waltz before us, or would connect our most serious thoughts with that most dreary of all inventions, a comic song. Surely we may welcome anything that will mitigate the torture our nerves undergo from these causes, and not the less when we consider that whatever diminishes noise lessens friction. If the new tramways, of which we are about to have an instalment, effect something in this way, we shall hail them as steps towards a return to peace.—*Graphic*.

### "THE BAKEHOUSE."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Faint, sick, and weary, weak in body, and confused in mind, with aching head and trembling hand, I appeal to you to help a miserable musician. For seven long hours last night have I toiled in "the bakehouse," or in words more intelligible to the uninitiated, I have just finished playing at a ball at Willis's Rooms, the orchestra in which is so named by musicians. This orchestra is a small gallery, at about twelve feet from the ball-room, from which it is entered by a small flight of stairs and trap-door. Immediately in front of the orchestra, and nearly on the same level, at only a few feet distance, is an immense gas chandelier, the cause of all my misery. Even before the ball began, on entering the orchestra, I was seized by this "monster," who attacked me with his burning and pestiferous breath. Half suffocated, I commenced playing; soon after experienced the luxury of a Turkish bath, plus evening dress, and when at last the welcome "God save the Queen" had been played, I staggered away half-dead from the effect of my night's work. For many years I and others have endured this, many, alas, I fear, having had their constitutions seriously impaired in consequence.

Who will help us? Will the sanitary inspector do so? Will some of those fair ladies, to whose pleasure we contribute, help us, for little do they think that that ball-room contains a Black Hole, the groans from the miserable victims in which sound only to them as sweet music?

And lastly, will you help us by kindly inserting this letter? If so, you will earn the gratitude of every  
QUADRILLE BAND.  
Jan. 29.

NUREMBERG.—*Le Prophète* has been revived after a very long absence from the bills.

BRUSSELS.—The name of the opera which the Baronne de Maistre intends producing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie is called *Rousalka*.

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